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WAYSIDE FLOWERS

Poems

BY

OLGA L. STURM

THE HOUSEHOLD REALM
CLEVELAND OHIO
1914

WAYSIDE FLOWERS

Poems

BY

OLGA L. STURM

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To the Memory
Of the Loved Ones Departed

19FEB'36

Flowers plucked along the weary way,
Lowly and meek they grew,
Mid grasses sear and thorns astray,
The flowers were but few.

A PRAYER.

When I shall fall asleep, life's struggle o'er,
Asleep to 'waken upon earth no more,
Then let forgotten be all earthly woes
And let me glide into a sweet repose
To wake with Thee!

In that last hour may peace my couch about
Its radiance shed, dispelling every doubt,
And grant that then the hearts of those I love,
The shades of death be lifted far above
By conquering faith!

As the deep sunset glow, which, melting into night,
Gives promise of a coming morning bright,
So let to them, I pray, my parting be;
Though dark the hour, may through the gloom they see
The coming dawn!

THE GRAVE ON THE LONELY ISLE.

Gently the long grass waveth
Above a lonely grave.
No other sound disturbeth
Save the wind and the murmuring wave.

And yet their low wail speaketh
A language far more deep
Than could the sculptured marble,
Above thy quiet sleep.

They wail for the dreams of childhood,
For the hope in youth's bright glow,
For the loftier aims of manhood,
Remorselessly laid low.

They re-echo the moans from the cabin
Of a ship far out at sea,
Where strangers kept watch beside thee
In thy last hours of agony.

Hope we that when they laid here
Thy manly form to rest,
Thy spirit in submission
Had learned that thus 't was best.

AFTER TALKING WITH AN INFIDEL.

There is a God, a God whose love
  The universe doth fill;
No sparrow falls upon the ground
  Without my Father's will.

Ah! if this blessed consciousness
  Could from my breast be torn,
If naught could be, what hath my soul
  Through deepest darkness borne,

Then, though with vernal loveliness
  Were field and wood o'erspread,
And sunlit hills and flowery vales
  Did beauty round me shed,

Though then the best that earth can give
  Were in my pathway thrown,
My soul would die of wretchedness,
  Despairing and alone.

REST.

If, when on wings of faith I strive to rise,
No chilling fear, no clogging doubt assailed me,
If, when my soul inspired its pinons tries,
My purpose wavered not, nor strength did fail me,
Áh, that were rest!

Thus, do I ween, will be the rest to come,
Not dull inaction, but unhampered flight,
An aim so sure that naught can lure therefrom,
A steady pressing on toward the light—
A rest indeed!

A MESSAGE.

Yet we shall meet. You shun me now,
My earnest love you do not prize.
Time comes when 't will be otherwise,
And we shall meet.

Perhaps 't will be when pain and care
Are stamped upon thy fevered brow—
When hope beams not on thee as now—
That we shall meet.

Perhaps our meeting will not be
Till we have passed the bounds of time
To an unknown, far distant clime,
But we shall meet.

What draws my inmost soul to thee
Can not deceive me. This I know,
It will survive through weal and woe
Till we shall meet.

THE DEATH OF LOVE.

Oh, tell me not that all will cease,
  Ere life may yet be o'er,
That love will gradually decrease
  Till it shall be no more.
Say not to me its holy fire
  Will all its strength outglow,
That of its sweetness we shall tire,
  I would not have it so.

Rather its death by violence,
  Than thus its slow decay,
Rather its sudden going hence,
  Night after vernal day.
A chain that hath been rent in twain
  May yet be made as one,
But where 's the faded rose? In vain
  We seek its parts. They 're gone.

AT DAWN.

O're the hills the light is breaking,
Heralding the day,
Shadows melt at morn's awaking,
Darkness hies away.
Through the vast expanse of nature
All is hushed and still.
God is in his mighty temple,
Peace all space doth fill.

What the night of gloom and terrors
In its bosom bore,
What of anguish, tears, and errors,
All is now no more;
As if care and passions human,
Strife and vanity
Ne'er had jarred upon creation,
All is harmony.

What though graves in countless numbers
Dot earth's surface o'er,
What though o'er their victims' slumbers
Ocean's billows roar.
There is e'er a coming morning
To the longest night,
Death shall merge in life eternal,
Darkness into light.

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TO ONE AFFLICTED.

Patience! There 's naught more sure,
No prospect more secure,
  Held out to thee,
Than that thy path shall lead
To where thy spirit, freed,
  With him shall be.

Meanwhile, thou 'rt not alone,
Why thus so sadly moan?
  He is still near.
Of changeless love would he
Breathe to thee tenderly,
  Couldst thou but hear!

When, what thy spirit binds,
When, what thy vision blinds,
  No more shall be,
May not thy opened sight,
Past grief, by clearer light,
  As blessing see?

At most, but few more years,
But few more sighs and tears,
  And it is done.
The evening shadows fall,

O'er are life's struggles all,
The race is run.

We know not how 't will be,
When, face to face, we 'll see
The mourned ones dear.
Enough that we are told
Yon life will depths unfold
Undreamed of here.

DRIFTING APART.

'T was a dream. It has vanished; the charm is no more,
The time when we longed for each other is o'er.
Once there was not a shadow between heart and heart,
But now—ah, how fast we are drifting apart!

While hopes, bright and promising, beckon to thee.
Stern duty has marked a lone pathway for me.
While carried on light, rippling wavelets thou art,
I am rocked on dark billows. We are drifting apart.

'T were vain now to try the strong current to stay,
Which each from the other is bearing away.
What might, had we known, have been stayed at the start,
Has now grown to a power which will keep us apart.

Perhaps, in the future, when this life is o'er,
We shall drift to one point on a strange, distant shore.
It may be that we there shall belong, heart to heart,
Though we here scarce regretted our drifting apart.

TWO PRAYERS.

At midnight lone a weary watch was kept
By one o'er whom the storms of sorrow swept,
And though no tear escaped the burning eye,
And from the heavy bosom came no sigh,
And from the pallid lips no word did fall,
Yet from the heart went forth a pleading call;
And, mid the hush of nightly darkness there,
Though voiceless, rose a supplicating prayer.

In her last agony, on wretched pallet lay
The once fair form fast passing to decay,
One unattended, whose abode had been
Among the glaring haunts of shame and sin.
And as death's deepening shadows closed about
Her failing sight, and earthly things barred out,
There rose as from afar, through misty haze,
A picture to the dying woman's gaze.
'T was of the cross and Him that died thereon,
One she had seen in childhood's days far gone.
Brighter it waxed and nearer came to view,
Till all her look to silent pleading grew.
That, ere the sin-tossed darkened soul went hence,
That was her mute, short prayer of penitence.

REPLIES.

And wouldst thou know why the stormwind's sweep
Rouses my soul from midnight's sleep?
There is in its voice an undertone
That is music fraught; in a mighty moan
Seem rushing by, on its pinions sped,
The long hushed voices of the dead,

And wouldst thou know what the charm may be
When I linger beside the lashing sea?
On the murmuring wave comes a voice long flown
From haunts and scenes where I wander lone
'Mid shadows of that which has vanished, whence
That loved, lost voice, it calls me hence.

And wouldst thou know why with soul intent,
My ear to that low, sweet strain is lent?
It awakens an echo in my breast,
Wakens dreams long abandoned, I fancied at rest,
And again and again, though to hear is pain,
I must list, I must list to that low, sweet strain.

And dost thou marvel, and wouldst thou know,
Why enraptured I gaze on the sunset glow?
I watch for a glimpse of that dreamt-of zone,
Whither all that I loved and mourned hath flown;
And I fancy those crimson depths might be
The golden gates of eternity.

A POET.

Among the singers of the land
  You will not find his name enrolled,
For how he hoped, aspired, and strove,
  Has never to the world been told.
    He was a poet though.

His life was lowly, full of care,
  And toil and hardships were his lot.
He had his hearth, his love, his God,
  For fame and honors cared he not.
    Yet was a poet he.

The gathering storm, the sunset glow,
  The little flow'ret at his feet
Had pleasures for him all his own,
  That made his life of labor sweet.
    Was that no poet's soul?

Naught had he learned of music's art,
  Yet tones to him a language spoke,
Which deep in his impassioned soul,
  A yearning, lingering echo woke.
    He heard with poet's ear.

For him were whispers in the brook,
And voices in the storm wind's moan,
Soft breezes sighing through the trees
Had language for him all his own,
Which stirred his poet's soul.

Storms gathered round him at the close,
And o'er his path swept gale on gale,
Yet, steadfast, with ne'er faltering trust
He passed into the shadowy vale.
His was a poet's death.

"LORD, REMEMBER ME."

Oh, Lord, remember me
Amid life's tumult, when with weary tread
I walk in paths to which the tempter led,
Or when the bursting storms my soul appall,
And from the depths of night to Thee I call,
Remember me!

Oh, Lord, remember me
When death's deep shadows shall be round me thrown
And I must enter its dark vale alone.
Oh, when my feet shall touch the water's brink
Of the dark, silent stream, let me not sink.
Remember me!

A TESTIMONIAL.

There is a school where none needs pay tuition,
To which no books are brought—
Love, patience, charity, and meek submission,
Such are the branches taught.

The master of this school, all-wisely knowing
Each sep'rate pupil's need,
Assigns to each his task, while care bestowing,
That all may give him heed.

If 'mid the tumult and the world's confusion,
His voice he does not hear,
He takes his pupil into close seclusion,
That naught may interfere.

Some learn along Life's highways, others, faster
In suffering's lonely cell,
But blessed he who, taught by that great master,
Has learned his lesson well.

WE STOOD AMONG THE ROSES.

We stood among the roses.
The breeres whispered low.
The day was slowly waning,
That day of long ago:
And there among the roses,
Their fragrance on the air,
Thy hand in mine was folded,
And promise beckoned fair.

Though roses still may blossom
More fair than those of then,
That day of radiant promise
Can not return again.
For oh! the hopes that brightest
Did on my vision glow,
Lie buried with the roses
That faded long ago.

TO THE LAST FLOWERS OF THE YEAR.

The violet's bloom was when the year was young,
When song birds warbled budding trees among ;
The queenly rose and lily had their day,
When nature stood in summer's full array,
When gentle breezes stirred and skies were fair
And sister flowers poured perfume on the air;
But ye lift up your heads on frost-seared stem,
While chilling winds wail forth a requiem,
Through naked woods and groves deserted, lone,
O'er fields and meadows, whence all bloom hath flown;
Ye speak of cheer, while, lo ! with frosty breath,
The night approaches, bringing blight and death.

A VALENTINE.

When the boys were distributing valentines
My little one brought me the following lines:

"Love thee? So well, so tenderly
Thou 'rt loved, adored by me,
Fame, fortune, wealth and liberty
Were worthless without thee."

I read, and ah, the blinding tears
Fast gather in mine eyes,
As pictures of the coming years
Before my vision rise.

'T is very true, my darling boy,
Thou lov'st thy mother well.
To her thou art a world of joy
Greater than tongue can tell.

'T were sweet to think thy tender love
Could every change outgrow,
Could every other love above
No diminution know.

But then, my son, if so it be
That God thy life doth spare,
The years will bring thee that which she,
Thy mother, can not share.

Thy path of life must upward go
To manhood's state and strength;
Mine soon will terminate below—
I've trod its greater length.

My son, I ask but that thy heart
Have all its wants supplied;
If then thou spar'st me but a part,
I shall be satisfied.

But shouldst thou once, all else above,
A kindred soul prefer,
Remember, than a mother's love,
None can be holier.

TO SOME WITHERING ROSES.

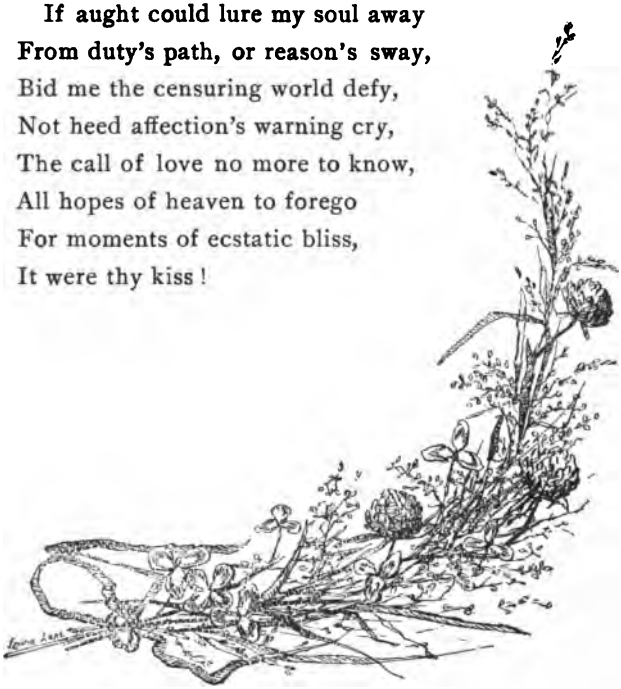
My roses, how with fragrance fraught
  You were but yesterday!
Your freshness has departed now,
  You 're passing to decay.

I knew when you were brought to me,
  Your beauty could not last,
And yet I mourn to see you droop,
  You 're fading—ah, too fast.

Perchance, yet many a rose shall bloom
  Which I may call my own,
But that which was and is no more—
  Ah, whither hath it flown?

"UND ACH SEIN KUSS."

If aught could lure my soul away
From duty's path, or reason's sway,
Bid me the censuring world defy,
Not heed affection's warning cry,
The call of love no more to know,
All hopes of heaven to forego
For moments of ecstatic bliss,
It were thy kiss!



THEMES FOR SONG.

Oh, sing me a song of the morning,
A free and gladsome lay!
Oh, sing of a bright and glorious dawn,
That swept the shadows away!
Oh, sing of the breezes gentle and mild,
That follow the winter's chill,
Of the happy time when the violet blooms,
And the woods with melody thrill!

Oh, sing me a song of triumph,
A clear, exultant strain,
Of faith, which could o'er shattered hopes,
To loftier heights attain!
Oh, sing of love which hath power to bless,
Yet with its latest breath,
Of hearts that sank with unwavering trust,
E'en into the arms of death.

WHEN I DREAM OF THEE.

Oft through my slumbers stealing
There comes a voice to me,
In dreams thy form revealing,
I look again on thee.
I see thee bend above me,
Thy hand in mine I hold.
Once more thou say'st, "I love thee,"
As oft thou didst of old.

Since last those lips did kiss me,
Ah, years and years have fled,
I 've learned no more to miss thee,
Long slumbering with the dead.
My heart is growing weary,
The world grows dark to me,
But all is bright and cheery
When, love, I dream of thee.

CHASTENED.

She gazed into his smiling face,
His baby eyes of blue,
And built her hopes for other years,
As only mothers do.

Time passed, but never should those hopes
Realization find.
Long ere the mother others saw
The child was weak of mind.

She knew at last, and o'er her joy
There fell a sudden blight;
Now looked the future dark and drear,
Which erst had seemed so bright.

She knew, and oh! the bitter truth
Did from her heart efface
Each cherished wish—but holier love
Soon found therein a place.

Love born of pity, tender, deep,
For him, her hapless son,
Love in compassion reaching out
To every needy one.

Not that in him a mother's pride
Or comfort she might see;
Her hapless boy was given her
That she might better be.

Hers was the bliss that comes of love,
That blesseth and is blessed,
The peace that comes when one has learned
To say, "He knoweth best."

ON ONE WHO DIED BY HIS OWN HAND AT THE AGE OF SEVENTEEN.

Was there no other refuge save in the arms of Death,
That thou didst yield unsummoned to thy Maker soul and breath?
What plunged thy youthful spirit thus to the depths of gloom,
That thou to life's fair morning shouldst prefer the silent tomb?

Didst thou in thy youthful blindness to the paths of error stray?
Did the shades of sin surround thee, barring out the light of day?
Was no hand stretched forth to aid thee in thy struggle through the night?
Did no finger point the pathway leading out from dark to light?

Ah, thy death doth preach a sermon full of import loud and clear.
When thy burden grew too heavy, of the many who were near,
Was there none whom love had fitted to be counselor and guide?
None with whom thy weighted bosom could its crushing load divide?

No, alas! since thou hast left us see we what we might have done.
Our omissions and our errors see we now that thou art gone,
So we bow our heads contritely and in silence kiss the rod,
There is left us but to trust thee to the mercy of thy God,

THEN—NOW.

We met in the days of long ago,
When our hearts were young and light,
And we walked, our bosoms with love aglow,
Through floods of summer light.

We parted beneath the moon's pale rays,
We parted with many a kiss,
And we wept as we thought of the future days,
When each the other would miss.

We lingered long 'neath the locust trees,
And our faces, with tear stains wet,
Were fanned by the autumn evening breeze,
As we vowed we would never forget.

We met again some days ago,
In the cold, prosaic now;
Nor sorrow nor guilt did we feel or know,
Though we knew each had broken his vow.

We smiled as we read in each other's eyes,
And though not a word was passed,
Our looks said plainly, without disguise,
'T was a dream; it did not last.

ON THE DEATH OF AN INFANT.

And shall his life be unto us
  As if it ne'er had been,
Because it woke and ended thus
  So brief a time within?

Did not our love and pity yearn
  For him, our little one?
Strove not our chastened hearts to learn
  To pray "Thy will be done?"

Did not our thoughts assail the night
  That hid his life away,
To catch beyond one ray of light
  Our rising doubts to lay?

And when our eyes could see but dust,
  And fear our souls o'ercame,
Did we not grope for faith to trust
  That Death not all could claim?

And struggling love, and doubt, and pain
  And sorrow's chilling night,
Are these not gates through which to gain
  A loftier, clearer height?

Ah no, he was not here for naught,
His little life a cord
Of tender love about us wrought,
To draw us heavenward.

RETROSPECTION.

Again I see the scenes of yore,
As mem'ry doth her stores unfold,
And through the mists of bygone days
I trace the dreams I dreamed of old.

O'er earth and sky no change has come,
The songbirds warble now as then,
But ah! myself am weary grown,
I can not dream those dreams again.

Then woke the heart's first early spring,
Now autumn winds around it sigh,
And flowers that had not budded then,
Long withered now and buried lie.

Then voices loved, now hushed for aye,
Had power my heart to soothe or thrill,
And forms I knew with life aglow,
Lie 'neath the marble, cold and still.

True, e'en life's faded hues appear
Still glorious through its autumn haze
But ah! no May will come again
To wake the dreams of other days.

GO DRY THY TEARS.

Go dry thy tears, be brave, and still plod on,
The way is dark and steep, and tears are blinding,
Thy heart is faint, thy meager strength is gone,
Thou find'st thy path through thorny hedges winding,
And storms grow frequent with the passing years;
But, dry thy tears!

Yes, dry thy tears, let none thy weakness see,
The world is stern and hard, and tears despises,
If in life's fight thou wouldst victorious be,
Put on the semblance which she recognizes,
A sturdy front, keep to thyself thy fears,
And dry thy tears!

Ay, dry thy tears! Thou hast not time to weep,
Thou hast thy work to do; for grief, no leisure.
What though thy progress slow, but courage keep,
Thou shalt at length the weary distance measure,
And reach the goal where thy horizon clears;
So, dry thy tears!

A CONFESSION.

If it be love, when every moment
  Spent where I know thee near I bless;
If it be love to fondly cherish
  Thy every tender word, caress;
    Then I love thee!

If it be love, when but thy nearness
  Sends through my pulse a rapturous thrill;
If it be love to know naught sweeter
  Than do the bidding of thy will;
    Then I love thee!

If it be love, this constant longing,
  This dream that fills my waking hours;
If it be love that swells my bosom,
  And all my being overpowers;
    Ah, then, how I love thee!

THE WATERLILY.

From the German.

The slender waterlily
  Sways on the breezes low,
It gleams upon the waters,
  It glimmers as the snow.

The moon pours down its splendor
  In rays of silvery light,
They touch the waterlily
  Upon its bosom white.

And round the lily circles
  A swan and sings his lay,
He gazes on the flower
  And sings his life away.

His song is low and tender,
  And sweet as song may be,
Oh, lily, spotless lily,
  What says the song to thee?

SUNSET.

From the German.

Lo! in the west the sky is clearing,
At eventide there will be light,
A fiery wave, 'mid clouds appearing,
Tints the dense mass with splendor bright;
The sun, as weary 't were of chiding,
Smiles calmly now, at close of day;
A bird, 'mid dripping leaflets hiding,
Begins its simple evening lay.

Oft have I looked upon the morrow
With fainting heart and hope forlorn,
And sore depressed by care and sorrow
Have I beheld the gloomy morn;
Yet oft have all my cares retreated
Ere yet the evening shadows fell;
Then as the sunset glow I greeted,
I said, "The Lord doth all things well."

Lo! in the west the sky is clearing,
At eventide there will be light.
Thus, when life's close I shall be nearing,
Smile on me, sun, serenely bright;

God of my days, when all is over,
All earthly trials have been borne,
May a soft twilight round me hover,
The promise of a radiant morn!

And, as the vapors, yonder, vanish
Amid the glowing, crimson flood,
So wouldst Thou my transgression banish,
Through Thy dear Son's redeeming blood,
That 'mid a peace all doubt dispersing,
My spirit, light, its wing may take,
And free, in golden light immersing,
To immortality awake.

ON HEARING AN OLD SONG.

From the German.

Alas! those strains! Oh, cease thy singing,
Sweet warbler, cease thy magic song!
Thou from my inmost depths art wringing
The tears I have repressed so long,
I feel a long since stifled yearning,
With old-time power to life returning,
Caressingly thou wound'st to burning
My bosom as with lion's tongue.

Since last those melodies delighted
My youthful ear, the things that were,
The warmly cherished hopes since blighted,
The joys that did my bosom stir,
The friends that have been from me taken,
The terrors that my soul have shaken,
As, at those tones, to life they waken,
Rise smiling from their sepulcher.

Alas! those strains! Oh, cease thy singing,
Sweet warbler, cease thy magic song!
My foothold is beneath me swinging,
These ecstasies and tears among.

Who could abide in firm endeavor,
Who falter in his purpose never,
Did mem'ry show him visions ever,
  Which to life's vernal time belong?

What has of bitterness passed o'er me
  Let buried and forgotton lie!
There still are toil and care before me
  And snares and thorns my soul to try.
But, with life's evening shadows growing,
I 'd see again youth's visions glowing,
And have life's early music flowing
  Into mine ear, a lullaby.

FOR AN ALBUM.

Whether thou walk'st fair streams beside,
Or through the trackless moor,
Be led by Him whose hand can guide
And make thy footsteps sure!

DEUTSCHE GEDICHTE

TABOR.

Kann nicht auf Alpesspitze
Der Wanderer sicher stehn,
Wenn unten zucken Blitze
Und Wetter sich ergehn?
Ob unter ihm sich thuermen
Die Wolken schwarz und dræun,
Er stehet *ueber* Stuermen
Im klaren Sonnenschein.

So kann es auch geschehen,
Bei einem Gotteskind,
Wenn Feinde ihn umstehen,
Ringsum Gefahren sind,
Er achtet deren keine,
Ihn reicht kein Erdenweh,
Er sieht den Herrn alleine
Auf lichter Glaubenshœh'.

DIE EINSAME ROSE.

Gewidmet dem Andenken meiner lieben Schwester, Clara,
† den 23 sten Mærz, 1887.

Ein Mægdlein auf dem Felde,
Am stillen Waldesrand,
Fern von der Menschen Wohnung,
Ein Rœslein bluehend fand.

Da sprach das Mægdlein leise,
"Und musst du hier allein
Verduften und verbluehen
Und unbeachtet sein ?

"Darfst nicht bei deines Gleichen
Im schœnen Garten stehn,
Kein Mensch darf dein sich freuen,
Und bist so frisch, so schœn.

"Auch ich muss dich verlassen
Du liebe Rose, du !"
Dann ging mit schwerem Herzen
Sie ihrer Heimath zu.

Sie konnt es nicht begreifen
Warum sie traurig war,
Da jubelnd um sie spielte
Doch die Geschwisterschaar.

Und Abends in der Kammer
Schlief sie mit Thrænen ein.
Auch sie war eine Rose
Verlassen und allein.

Manch' edles Menschenleben
Hier ungekannt entflieht,
Wie dort im Waldesschatten,
Die Rose still verblueht.

WIEGENLIED.

Schlaf' in sueszer Ruh !
Schliesz die Aeuglein zu !
Du weiszt nichts von Gram und Leide,
Deinem Leben blueht nur Freude,
Liegst so suesz an ihrer Brust,
Deiner Mutter Lust.

Liegst so lieb und traut,
Ahn'st nicht wie sie schau't
Sorglich spæhend in die Ferne,
Ach sie sparte dir so gerne
Was vielleicht die kalte Welt
Fuer dich aufbehælt

Wie wird's mit dir sein,
Wenn du musst allein
Deine Wege geh'n hienieden,
Wenn des stillen Grabes Frieden
Dann das Mutterherz umschlieszt
Wenn sie nicht mehr ist ?

Jesu, Jesu du,
Einz'ge Zuflucht du !
Wenn des Lebens Stuerme toben,
Zeig' den Friedensport ihm oben
Wenn es locken Welt und Suend,
Fuehr' mein armes Kind !

EINER MUTTER GEBET.

Ich bitte nicht fuer ihn was diese Welt an Groszem bieten kann,
Auch nicht dass er auf Zions Mauern stehe obenan,
Nein, Herr, wie du's fuer ihn hierin versehn,
So mœg's geschehn!

Nur eines Herr, das woll'st du mir gewæhr'n, ich bitte dich,
Dass er sein lebenlang anhange dir demuethiglich.
Erkenne dass er nichts du Alles bist
Und's nie vergiszt

Ihn kuemmere nicht ob wo du ihn gestellt er Menschen unwerth sei,
Er sorge nur ob auch sein schwaches Herz, dir halten mœchte Treu,
Ob auf des Meister's Wink die Antwort wær,
"Hier bin ich, Herr!"

So geh er hin, von einem stets beseelt, dass er dein und du sein,
Und wenn sein Lebenstag sich neiget nun, dann wollst du ihm verleih'n
Dass er mit Freuden seh' die Erd' entflieh'n,
Um heimzuzieh'n!

"DES SOMMERS LETZTE ROSE."

Die nun verwelkten Rosen
Ich hab' sie all' gepflueckt,
Noch eine Rose bluehet,
Ihr Duft mich noch erquickt,
"Des Sommers letzte Rose"
Stimm' ich wehmuethig an,
Mein Auge steht in Thrænen
Den'n ich nicht wehren kann.

Sie ziehn an mir vorueber,
Verblich'ne Sommer all
Mit ihren letzten Rosen,
Mit ihrem Sangesschall,
Als stænde ich auf Græbern
Wo meine Lieben ruh'n,
Fasst mich ein banges Schauern,
Wo sind die Sommer nun?

Wie leises Geisterfluestern,
Wie ein verklung'nes Lied,
Aus længst vergang'nen Zeiten,
Mir's durch die Seele zieht,

Und doch zugleich ein Ahnen
Mich hoffnungsvoll umweht,
Ein Hauch aus Ewigkeiten,
Wo alles neu ersteht.

HERBSTLICH.

Herbstlich rauscht es durch die Bæume,
Lenz und Sommer sind dahin,
Ihre Wonnen ziehn wie Træume
Jetzt mir durch den trueben Sinn.

Herbstesstuerme længst schon wehen
Klagend um die Seele her.
Sommer kommen und vergehen,
Doch ihr Sommer kommt nicht mehr.

Herbstlich ist es hier auf Erden
Auch wenn Lenzesblumen blueh'n,
Dann wird's recht erst Fruehling werden,
Wenn der Erde Schatten flieh'n.

WENN ICH VON DIR TRÆUME.

Uebersetzung meines Englishen.
"When I dream of Thee."

Oft zieht durch meinen Schlummer
Sich deine Stimme mild,
In Træumen, frei von Kummer,
Schau wieder ich dein Bild.
Du beugst zu mir dich nieder,
Legst deine Hand auf mich,
Und læchelnd sprichst du wieder
Wie einst, "Ich liebe dich."

Seit du von mir geschieden,
Ach Jahre sind es her!
Dich deckt des Grabes Frieden,
Længst 'miss ich dich nicht mehr.
Oft drueckt mich Sorge nieder,
Die Welt wird dunkel mir,
Doch licht ist's wenn mich wieder
Ein Traum vereint mit dir.

ALBUMVERSE.

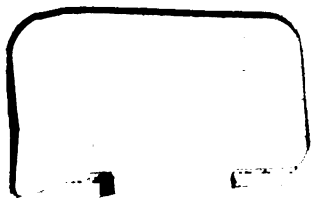
AN EINEN FREUND.

Seheint alle Hoffnung dir entschwunden
Bleibst du mit Jesum nur verbunden,
So fuerchte nichts wenn auch zerstæubt,
Was um dich her, die Liebe bleibt.

AN CHRISTINA.

Wenn sich tiefes Dunkel um dich senket
Und du kannst den Weg nicht sehn,
Halte fest die Hand die Welten lenket,
Und du wirst nicht irre gehn!

AN WILLIE.

Dass Einer hier auf Erden,
Wo sonst kein Friede ist,
Dir mœchte Alles werden,
Dein Heiland, Jesus Christ;
Dass du in seiner Liebe
Schon selig wuerdest hier,
Auch wenn dir sonst nichts bliebe,
Mein Kind, das wuensch' ich dir.

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